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Under the Red Cross

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Under the Red Cross

BY

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PHILADELPHIA LONDON

TO THE BOYS IN BLUE OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY,
AND SOME OF MY FRIENDS WHO WERE HURT:

CURTIS, DRUMMER OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH MICHIGAN,
LEG SHOT OFF BY A CANNON-BALL;

DEMPSEY, OF TEXAS, SHOT IN SEVENTEEN PLACES,
YET MERRY AS A CRICKET;

SERGEANT BROWN, COLORED, OF THE NINTH U. S.
CAVALRY;
LT. COL. CARROLL, SHOT IN BOTH HIPS,

AND MANY OTHERS
WHO SAW THE STARS SHINE OUT ON THOSE HOT
NIGHTS BENEATH THE RED CROSS;

ALSO,

MRS. LT. CUSHMAN, THE MISSES EVANS, MISS GOULD,
MY WIFE, ANNA BIOREN WRIGHT,

AND ALL THOSE WHO HELPED IN ANY WAY,
THE LINES IN THIS LITTLE BOOK
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

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Prayer for Our Boys in Blue.

God bless them all, my boys in blue,
With hearts so tender and so true;
God watch them in the darkest night
And lead them ever in the right.

God shield them through the scorching day
And teach my boys all how to pray;
God keep them safe on land and sea
And bring them back to you and me.

The Maine.

O GREAT disaster! A city gone,
Buried beneath the sea;
Three hundred lives dropped out
And gone to meet their God alone.
Nor revelry nor shout
Nor glorious action to stand
In historic journals of our land.

How often have I seen the great Maine move,
A palace of the sea,
And watched the waves that play
About her mighty hulk their love display
In rippling kisses there!
And press her bosom white
With priceless jewels of the sea bedight.

Oh, curses on the land that bore the man
Whose hand or brain could stand
And, hellish, plot or plan
So foul a deed, no equal foe to scan,
But, worse than a serpent's course,
Who stings outside, crept in
And stung the great ironclad from within!

For every man that went below the deep
We'll send a full score more
To bear him company.
God of nations, who all reckonings keep,
To Thee we leave the plan !
Thou Who keepest watch o'er all
Send through every land and heart thy call.

The Camp at Night.

WHERE tented sleep the boys at night,
While the moon shines on the sea;
The starlit skies are full of light,
As the boys sleep peacefully.

Washington.

For the P. O. S. of A.

Thou spirit of the historic past,
Who guided for us the Ship of State
Throughout the perils of those other years;
Who hung our guerdon on the mast—
Our flag of stars! Our flag of fate—
Keep near and shield us from our trembling fears!

Let the great past to greater present yield
Homage that is so justly won and due.
Strong strains were then upon our anchor chains.
Now a century gone we fear to shield,
Another land, another race that sue
To come to learn and share our well-earned gains.

Is it for us to stand aside and see
Cuba and Porto Rico downward go?
Have they not suffered centuries of shame
Beneath the rod of wrong and tyranny?
We come a brother, not a deadly foe,
To take them with us and to our land reclaim:

Where freedom stands within her gates of truth
And bids the nations of the world watch on,
To see true greatness gentle as a child;
To lift to knowledge every striving youth;
And that the echoes all shall say, well done!
When we look back and see a record undefiled—

A century of greatness and of grandeur rare
In history of all the nations of the world.
Come, brothers, our great past to greater present gives
A lustre and a fame that all of us can share;
Old tyrannies of the past are being hurled
By the giant present that so grandly lives.

And in those fair islands of the sea,
Where Dewey fought for freedom,
Next year shall end the darkness of the past.
When liberty and freedom shall see

Nine million souls to higher ideals won,
And our great flag shall shine upon their mast.

Now, shall we tremble and turn back
When Washington's clear voice doth call us on
To the larger work and the wider field?—
Did our father stay in England's beaten track?—
Or pass on, a nation to freedom won,
Till star on star is shining on our nation's shield?

The Old Academy.

I LOVE the old Academy,
The hall of old-time memory:
To see the faces, tier on tier;
To watch the wondrous chandelier,
The marvel of my childhood years.

Love and Life.

From what ill star did rise the blood
And blossom of our love
That it should live to reach the flood,
Then perish like a dove,

Who, waking on some summer morn,
Doth find her nestlings gone?
Her wailing cry of love forlorn
Moans like an organ's tone.

Oh, love, to reach its heights, then pass
Away into the dawn!
As the dew passeth from the grass,
And what was jewelled lawn

Becomes a dry and burning space
Under the midday sun,
So passeth from the human face
Its gleam when love is done;

And what was all a living place
Becomes a desert bare,
Where hot winds weave their sandy lace
When grim death rules there.

Where Bryan Leads.

Into blind ways where chaos sways;
In lands where lights and pathways are unknown,
Weird forests where the leaves are strown,
And unblazed trees line the trackless ways.
Steer away, voter, steer away!

No course is there across his trackless seas.
It would not be so bad for you and me
If his strange land lay far beyond the sea;
But he spoils my garden and your fruit trees,
So steer away, voter, steer away!

His voice leads on and ever sings;
But steer away, there is danger here.
As the bell on the buoy sings rocks are near,
So his voice tells where the danger clings.
Steer away, voter, steer away!

He knows it not, but, as sure as fate,
The greater the noise the greater the grief
From the bell of the buoy on the rocky reef,
So steer away ere it be too late.
Steer away, voter, steer away !

The Game of Life.

Life is like a game of poker,
And yet we very seldom draw,
In all the chances of the game,
A hand that stands without a flaw.

It is all a game of bluff, bluff,
Yet it seems that we always hope to win ;
But we mostly get it " on the rough,"
And very seldom " scrape the tin."

Yet draw again, my brave fine lads !
Keep your lip and eye in place ;
Do not worry over stabs
And look the future in the face.

Love.

Love comes, close by her side a little child.
As she nearer drew there arose the wild,
Swift, fiery flood of fond love's desire,
Licking ever forward like flames of fire.

Fame.

Fame comes, and in her hand a flaming
torch;
While as she nearer draws the awful scorch
Of flame burns through and sears upon
the brain,
Tensing every nerve with fearful pain.

Death.

Death comes, and in her hand she bears
a gift;
While as she nearer glides the peaceful
drift
Of rest flows through and fills the soul
with calm,
Like, roll and measure of some mighty
psalm.

At Barbados.

Oh, come, my love, and thou and I will go
Down to the lovely land of Barbados !

Where we can sit and feel the sunshine glow
Upon the wide blue sea at Barbados.

Nor work, nor care, but just enjoy the air
That we can breathe at lovely Barbados—

The paradise of space, and free from care,
Down by the shining sea at Barbados.

Island of Porto Rico.

Queen of the Southern sea ! Giant mountains, clad
With greens and gold, like glowing opals shine ;
Rocks hanging overhead, where twine
Wonderful vines that swing and birds make glad the misty, vaporous silence.

Rev. William H. Furness.

As when at the close in the dusk of day
We see a great white mass of clouds swung low,
Radiant with the glory and the glow
Of the departing sun, the vast display
Of heaven's beauty shines in fine array,
So shines thy life upon our life below—
Too high for earth and for our cares. Too low
For heaven and for its eternal day.

Of olden time there is a record told
Of a voice speaking from out of heaven;
So when we hear thy voice roll out again
We feel, indeed, the limpid truth of gold:
"There is no death,"—"And ye are my children,"—
A mighty story born of love and pain.

A Star.

Across my vision there will come, some night,
A star that is more rare and beautiful
Than ever was a star before; since full
Was the moon the first time that she gave light
Unto the world or since the sun's first flight,
That seeming rose to fall, grew bright and dull.
From all of heaven's mystic lights I'll cull
Just that one perfect star, so wondrous bright.
And unto me its light will shine and bless,
All hallowed with a beauty of its own;
And it shall be my guiding star through life.
For then no more shall care or storm distress—
Darkness dense shall to darkness dense have flown.
My star shall bear the sacred name of "wife."

The Conductor's Wife.

Out in the storm and swirl of the snow
The conductor's wife stands there;
Her basket is full of dainties rare
And she heeds not the wind and the blow.

The train has stopped but a moment spare,
And yet in the gloam and the gloom
Is a fairer scene than a palace room,
For love and trust are there.

But a moment, yet time for a kiss
Ere the train speeds on its way;
Yet each is filled with a glow and spray
From the ocean of love's great bliss.

A braver man is he for that kiss
That came through the storm and the snow;
And his heart beats with a glad, sweet glow
That for worlds he would not miss.

Oh, brave, sweet wife, you little knew
Of the lives you saved that night!
For the kiss you gave in the dark grew
bright
And saved his all and the crew.

So here's to the conductor, brave and true!
And his wife in the storm and snow!
And may we all know the strong, sweet
glow
That gleamed in her eyes of blue!

Our Country.

When Columbia, with her breast of stars,
Has once felt the pulse-throb of the life
Of any new star upon her breast
She will not say it nay. Tho' wars
Should rage and wild should be the strife,
She shields the weakest with the rest.

When into her eyes a people look,
To pray and hope for help and succor,
She will not look aside. Her glance
Is ever firm. She will not brook
A slight from the greatest. To secure
Freedom for all she wields her free lance.

What is the Other World.

An answer to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert's question.

What is the other world?—a land of peace!
No woe or passion can change the sweetness there;
All is love in that flower-scented air.
Beyond the sunset clouds of golden fleece
There standeth God, to give all pain surcease.
He guides us all as with a mother's care,
With love for all, yet ever more to spare.
To all who asks He gives His peace, sweet peace.

To reach the other world is going on—
Beyond the sea where lies the wave-swept shore:
Beyond the sea of life, eternal dawn,
With all the glory of the breaking day:—
God's love and sunshine heaping more and more,
As peace He gives which passes not away.

L. of C.

For Little June.

This little book I send to thee
That thee may learn to spell,
And know that in the A, B, C,
The wonders that there dwell.

They tell of fish that swim the sea,
Of birds that fly the air;
Of little boys as good as thee
And little girls with golden hair.

So puzzle o'er the little B's
And learn the circling C's;
In years to come thou'll not despise
The learning of the wise.

The Soul.

Awake, my soul! and thou and I
Will sally forth to conquer life;
To stand for truth and then to die,
Face fronting face, in sturdy strife.

Paris by Day.

PERFECT, beautiful, radiant city!
With miles of beauty stretching every way,
Full of light and glory of perfect day;
Sunshine warm and clear as God's charity,
Clean and sweet with angelic chastity;
Thy fragrant trees, whose branches, moving, sway
To let the air and sunshine laugh and play:
All is beauty in this perfect city.
Thy streets, with miles of perfect buildings lined;
The noble Arch of Triumph, the Madeleine;
The gloom of the tomb, the sparkle of life,
Thy wondrous beauty, that is not confined
Alone to shores of silvery Seine,
But spreads to Versailles, where beauty is rife.

Paris by Night.

Oh, thou treacherous, lecherous city!
To change thy fair robe of golden sunshine
To this, all stained with filthy mire and wine;
To hold fair souls in such captivity.
"Pity!" cry angels hov'ring o'er this city.
Oh, the cruel absinthe! As serpents twine
Their coils to kill, so absinthe doth entwine
Its emerald sheen with dread enmity.
No outline fine and clear, as Turner drew
Of Rome or Greece, but all a horrid blur;
No more the colors faint or sharp and bright,
But smear on smear, to make the darkest hue.
Oh, France! fair France! if all thy glories were
For this, arise and clean thy lamp aright.

Boies Penrose.

Out from the olde homespun days he seems
to come,
Stalwart and strong, with some of John
Alden,
And yet a sturdy touch of Standish when
He stood among that colony and won
Some of his glory. To wear the homespun
And look fit is the part of sturdy men ;
Yet with this to hold in leash tongue and
pen
At hand is to ensure one a welcome
To the halls where men, sturdy in debate,
Hold their own when the struggle surges
on.
Not hot, caustic, bitter, but always there.
A steadfast friend, patient, ready to wait ;
A keen fighter, not one to cringe or fawn,
But one to stand erect. To do. To dare.

Hotel Sagamore, Lake George.

Air: Abide With Me.

No care or sorrow is there any more,
When once we reach thy shore, sweet
Sagamore.

No more the city's din or haunt of sin,
When once, sweet Sagamore, thy shore
we win.

And so we know there is a place afar—
A land of rest upon some distant star—

Which, once we reach, we can sit down and
rest,
Cheered and made glad upon the Saviour's
breast.

Hearts.

Hearts do not break,
They only scar;
And where the wound was made,
The parts a little tougher are.

Quaint Olde Burlington.

WHERE lieth lovely Burlington,
All sleeping in the sun,
The days and years pass swift away.
Peace reigns here every day.

In olden times the strife of creeds,
Held hands with noble deeds;
When Keith from Quakerdom didst turn
His heart did eager burn.

When Doane's son turned to holy Rome
He sought the soul's last home;
Yet all were seeking for the light
That maketh darkness bright.

To-day the followers of Hicks
With worldly folk now mix;
St. Mary's bells yet calleth out,
For all of Doane's great doubt.

And so to-day the sun shines on
Lovely old Burlington,
Quaker, Papist—all of the creeds
Who live sowing the seeds

Of righteousness and love of God;
Walking the path where trod
The humble Christ, whose daily plan
Was love for God and man.

Life.

LIFE has its pain as well as its pleasure,
Fate heaps them both with brimming full measure;
She garners the one with beautiful flowers,
The other sprays with bitter salt showers.

The Two Crowns.

HOWEVER far aside we stray,
There ever standeth near
The love that passes not away,
But daily grows more dear.

We pass along life's troubled way,
And grievous burdens bear;
Yet some will wear the crown of bay,
And some the thorns will tear.

The Duke of Clarence.

It seemeth strange I cannot rest to-day.
My flesh is loosening from its wonted place ;
My shrivelled hands, my hollow-cheeked face,
All seem to feel. My voice doth seem to say,
What means this sun ray in my tomb at play,
Glistening like a bride's veil in this place?
And there its shadow throws the bishop's mace.
What is there that disturbs my rotten clay?

It is the plaudits of the thronging crowd.
Some wedding of great state is going on ;
But it is far away, and I am here
To hark the echoes of the murmurs loud.
This tomb is very damp. The dark and dawn
Are all alike within this silence drear.

Royal Art Gallery,
London, July 8, 1893.

The Duke of York.

A FUTURE king and queen are wed to-day.
In royal pomp and state they gaily ride:
The Duke of York doth wed his brother's bride,
The gloomy walls of old St. James are gay,
For royalty and fashion there display
Their names and faces with the ancient pride
Of British land the sun doth not divide,
And in their Duke of York and Princess May.

"The kingdoms of this world pass swift away"
Is shrined in the old abbey's wondrous gloom.
In years gone by other pageants as grand
As this that passing wends the Strand to-day
Are now gathered in silence of some room,
Perhaps died exiles from their native land.

Victoria.

The Queen is dead! the Queen is dead!
Step soft and low and bow the head.
A noble mother of all lands—
Of England's shores and India's sands.

The sunshine of another light
Than that we know is on her brow;
The glow of heavenly light
And cheer will never leave her now.

She rests at peace with man and God.
Step softly where her footsteps trod.
A gracious queen, a woman, yet
One whose reign the world will ne'er forget.

THE END.

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